Pistanthrophobia
BY Cupzcake3

# • Endless feilds •

It's been a while. Since Leafy has seen someone. In fact, Leafy had lost track of time. She knows she has been in this same location for a bit, but for how long exactly?

That didn't really matter did it.

Her legs itched with the vines that have quickly slithered up her legs, due to how long she has been in the same location. She really didn't need to move. She had everything she needed. Her handy knife laid softly on the violet grass below her, and next to her was the well known, quick to grow, Yoyleberry.

Yoyleberries grow unbelievably quickly, you can produce up to 300 berries a day from one stem alone! She had a small pile for when she wasn't hungry, she liked always having something growing.

She still felt stiff, as it was a side effect of her metal form. That's the thing about Yoyleberries. Their bland, but keep her metal skin going. At least, to her they were bland. Maybe it was because she had been living off of them for god knows how long, or maybe that's just how they taste?

She stiffly lifted her free arm, wrapping her grossly cold fingers around the familiar violet berry. She pulled gently to free the berry from it's stem, the snap of its release echoed around the alone and isolated field. She felt so dull as she took a bite of the fruit, the all too familiar and numbing taste slipped over her tongue. She was tired. Maybe it wouldn't hurt to rest just a little?

She placed to half eaten berry on the grass and tilted her head back, glancing at the yellow foggy sky above her. Yoyleland only looked good at night. She would know that. Her eyes grew fairly heavy as she fluttered them close, her usually bright green eyes now gone invisible as her eyelids cover them.

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Pin sat restlessly as she glanced across the rest of the team. Firey, Gelatin, Puffball, Fries, and Golfball were chosen to deal With this job. She volunteered, wanting to just show her former friend what she deserved.

"Oh! What about this!" Golfball sighed. "Gelatin if this is another fork we aren't taking any more suggestions from you.." she grumbled. Gelatin pulled out a large metal bat, that could barely fit in his own hands. Golf balls mouth widened. "Where in the world did you get that! That's the largest bat I have ever seen!!" She shouted, staring mouth agape at the bat. "I dunno!" Gelatin replied.

"Well that would work perfectly!" Fries shouted from around the corner. He was sitting with Firey. Gelatin turned and shoved the bat into Pins arms, the thumbtack stumbling a bit from the sudden weight draped over her hands. "You think that's good enough for you?" He asked, watching as pin held the bat in different positions. "Perfect."

"Wait so what exactly is our plan?" Firey butted into the conversation, his face was bland but there was a hint of worry behind that stare. "We go to Yoyleland, and we get rid of Leafy! And no reviving!" Golfball stated, making sure to make the last part clear by making her voice more stern.

Firey glanced to his side. "Isn't there a way to go through with this without killing her..?" He said so quietly it sounded like a whisper. Golfball scoffed. "No way! When the contest continues we need to be ready for the next challenge! And getting rid of Leafy just makes that process easier! That thing has been a thorn in our side for far to long!" Firey visibly cringed at Golfball naming Leafy as a 'thing'. But said nothing.

"Are you guys ready yet?" Puffballs auto tune like voice sang through the pained silence, making Pin huff. "I am, you guys?" The team members looked around nodding, before facing pin. "I think we are."

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Leafy awoke with a startle. Not because of the everlasting sound of wind drifting through the fields day and night, but because of the sudden voices that came from behind. Her hand hovered over the knife, and her other roughly grabbed a Yoyleberry and took a bite.

"She is usually in that bush, last time I was here she was.." that was Gelatin. The voice was just annoying enough to be obvious. "Be careful.. if it goes wrong say the word.." that one must have been Fries.

Suddenly there were rushed footsteps approaching her bush, so she grabbed her knife and quickly shot it behind the bush. Her face deepened in a frown as the sound of a knife hitting the grass was brought to her ears. "Silly silly Leafy." Pin. That was Pin.

Leafy tried to quickly bring herself to her feet but she wasn't quick enough, resulting in a loud ringing being shot through her ears as a rough metal item smacking her head with full force. She yelped loudly, stumbling around with one hand on her head, the other trying to find a knife. There was a distant giggling.

She turned and caught a glimpse of the familiar red thumbtack running quickly towards her. So Leafy did the only reasonable thing and punched her ex-ally in the face. A grunt could be heard from the now dulling ringing.

The ringing calmed by the time she found a knife, yet somehow this experience ruined her aiming because she missed every throw. However she was eventually tackled to the ground by another object. "Get her!" Golfballs annoyingly loud and scratchy voice was easy to make out. She grunted while trying to get her head out of the dirt.

She luckily did kick Golfball off but that seemed to have backfired.

Suddenly her vision became so blurry it seems like it was flashing. There was no ringing, just dulling silence and muffled voices. "Haha!" Pin..? Shouted.

She held her burning head in pure agony, her throat closing and becoming sore from the use of her voice. She hadn't even realized she was screaming. She stumbled around. She couldn't tell where she was

or who was there or if anyone even was there. Though she felt something all to familiar run down her face.

Blood. The cold yet hot liquid was the only thing she could feel besides numbing pain. And there was a lot.

She ran. She didn't know where to or why. But she ran.

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Firey watched with hidden horror as the sudden knock echoed the fields of Yoyleland. He watched as his once best friend yelped in pain and grabbed her head whilst looking for something to fight with.

This fight seemed to be getting long, so he guessed Golfball decided that she wanted it to end early. He watched the armless ball trot over to the shaking Leafy and push her to the ground. The lemon leaf let out a whimper, but it was muffled when the dirt met her face. Firey wanted to help, he really did.

But all he could do was watch. Like he did when they crashed that glider.

"Get her!" Golfball sounded gleeful. Like she was happy this was happening, but to Firey, this seemed cruel.

Golfball was thrown off but was softened by a Yoylebush. When Firey brought his attention back to the lemon leaf, he watched.

He watched as Pin put all strength into one hit.

He watched as the bat was quickly thrown at his ex-friends head.

He wanted to warn her, he really did.

With a loud knock, there was a crack. And with a crack, there was a scream.

A loud, blood curling scream erupted from the metal leafs mouth. Her eyes were screwed shut and her hands flew to her head. Her head however..

Blood. It was almost all he could see. The red liquid poured from his ex-friends head. It was cracked. If she wasn't in her metal form, she would have been dead. It was a jagged crack, it ran straight across her eye. It looked painful.

The blood poured onto the violet grass below her, her legs coated in the red liquid. The remains of vines on her legs didn't catch any of it either. "Haha!" Pin shouted. Like this was just a game she was about to win.

She lifted the bat, but Leafy quickly stumbled back and ran. It was clear she didn't even know where she was going, but she seemed to have made her escape. Golfball approached Pin, the bloodied bat in her hand was dripping and it seemed almost broken.

"Why did you let her get away?! We almost had her!" Golfball exclaimed, an annoyed face plastered the object. "I think it would hurt more for her to bleed out." The thumbtack explained, grinning. Firey tried to hide his disgust. This was something only maniac's do.

Golfball just sighed. "Well, now we have to spend the rest of this break doing nothing." Fries rolled his eyes. "What we're we gonna do in the first place... we.." the voices seemed to drift off as Firey focused on the shrinking object over the horizon. It was still running, and he could almost still hear the awful screams that she made. He had never even heard her make such a noise before.

He just watched his ex-friend run off into the endless fields.

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How do y'all feel on this one? I have been super excited to write it! Please tell me if you enjoyed or not!! Have a good day or night?? <3

# • An Old Friend •

Leafy cradled her head in pain, whimpering and muttering as the aching was far too overwhelming. She brushed her hand over the deathly painful crack that strikes through her metal skin. It hurt. Badly.

She could see a little better, and she knew that she was no longer in the fields. She was in a forest. The trees were short, and she was almost positive she was in the forest next to the challenge field, but who ever goes into this place anyways? The challenge was put on hold for a bit so why would anybody go looking?

She pulled her legs closer to her chest, trying to scrape off the dried blood on the side of her head. She tried her best to ignore the searing pain but that was hard to do. Though she was getting rid of the dried blood, there was still fresh, liquid blood, oozing from her.

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The fly back home to the fields was filled with conversations. They all spoke together. About challenges, about memories, about friends, and about the literal crime they just committed.

"Why hadn't we thought about that earlier?! That completely knocked her out of it! It's like she couldn't think straight!" Fries laughed, his arms flailing around with every word he spoke. "That's what you would expect when hit suddenly with a metal bat, yeah?" Firey chimed in, hiding the uncomfortable crack in his voice the best he could.

That seemed to quiet everybody's laugh, and the fireball bit his tongue in guilt. "My bad, didn't mean to ruin the mood." Pin glanced at him, her eyebrows furrowed. "Why are you upset? This is what you wanted isn't it?"

Firey looked down at his lap. "I don't.. know.." he admitted, this time not trying to hide the guilt. His fingers fiddled with each other as pin walked closer.

"You wanted this, why be upset?" She stated, her voice stubborn yet somehow soft. "I didn't want to hurt her..!" He hissed with gritted teeth. Pins eyes deepened with anger. "She was hurting us, Firey. She had it coming." She growled. "Do you really care more about some thief more than all of your friends?!"

The fire quickly jerked his head up in shock, fear rolling off of his tongue and into words. "What?! No! No no no! Not at all!" He stumbled with his words. This wasn't true! Pin was putting words in his mouth at this point. "If so, then stop worrying about her. She can handle a little injury."

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Leafy glanced down at her waist, her once metal skin now fading in spots back into her bright green. She can feel the numb feeling of her skin slipping off with each second. This was a side affect of not eating Yoyleberries for about a day. She was turning back into her green self.

She sighed and glanced at her hands, the outline of a knife made a pale spot on her palm, due to holding knives so tightly for ages. It was something she did, after all she was very skilled in knife throwing. When she was younger she was taught tons of things. To go through maps, to throw knives, to glide slightly. It was why she was so agile. She was trained for years to do these things.

The crack didn't hurt anymore, and she lifted her hand up to check on it. The all to familiar rubbery feeling touched her fingertips, and she hissed. The metal on her head had slipped off, and so, her giant cut became scarred over of her skin, leaving an extremely weak spot running through her head and through her eye.

One accident could cause a tear.

She took a better look at her surroundings. This forest could never hold any Yoyleberries, and so, she was just back to her normal weak

self. She frowned, she hated feeling weak. She somewhat missed the numbing feel of her metal skin, being able to run through a fire or a tunnel of acid without feeling it, she missed being protected.

She put her face in her palms and sobbed. She was crying over something stupid. Not being metal wasn't so bad.. right?

~————————~

Golfball sat in the bright green grass, the wind blowing in her eyes forcing her to squint. "Rather windy out huh.." she grumbled, turning to face her best friend. "Sure is." Tennis ball replied, giggling slightly. "Hey you never told me how that trip went!" Her friend pointed out, turning to face the smaller object.

It had been at least a day or two since they literally beat up leafy, and honestly, she couldn't help but feel a bit guilty. She never knew leafy as well as Tennis ball, but she seemed like such a nice contestant until she stole the island. "Well, it was a success, if that's what your wondering." She said, un-squinting her eyes as the wind calmed. "Well, you killed her then?" Golfball hacked out a laugh. "Hah! I thought the others would have told you the story by now! No she's not dead, but she was losing enough blood that she probably died while running off." Tennis ball widened his eyes. "You didn't even finish the job?! You just left her to slowly die?" Golfball frowned.

"I know, it's a cruel thing. I guess we were just so lost in the moment.. but she deserved it! She stole dream island!" Golfball shouted, her face scrunching up with guilt yet some anger. Tennis ball replied with a sigh, turning away from his friend. "I guess it was for the best." He mumbled. "I guess so.."

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"Hey are you okay?"

Leafy jerked her head up, blinking through her blurry tears to focus on the object in front of her. "Uh.." she rubbed her eyes and glanced up again.

She felt her face go pale and her fingers go numb. Her eyes widened. This was probably the biggest surprise she had received since the bat to the head. No scratch that, her whole life.

"Firey?!"

The fireball chuckled and crouched to her lower height. Leafy could do nothing but follow with her eyes, as her former friend sat down in front of her, the grass around him burning into a crisp brown.

"I thought- I- but- dream island I-" she shuddered half way through her sentence, trying her best to avoid eye contact as sweat dripped down her side. "I forgive you." He stated.

"But- you can't just forgive me!" She yelped angrily, her eyebrows furrowed with confusion. "You abandoned me for years and now suddenly your back to say you forgive me?!" Firey raised an eyebrow. "So you don't want to be friends again?" Leafy quickly raised her hands, eyes widening and mouth open to speak. "No no!" She would do anything to keep Firey.

"I'm sorry! I'm sorry! I'm sorry for stealing dream island I really am!" She stumbled to apologize, because if Firey didn't forgive her, she didn't know what would happen. She still wanted his friendship.

"Mm.. I would forgive you if.. you did me a favor." Firey stated. This made Leafy raise an eyebrow. "What is this favor?"

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Ok so, remember when I said that this would update often? Yeah scratch that. This fox is kinda like a coping mechanism, so I only write when I'm feeling upset or in the mood.

Anyways, now it's gonna get interesting!! Wait for the next one because I dunno how long it's gonna take :3

# • Guilt •

"Pin... that thing you said to Firey.."
Pin cut Fries off with the raise of her hand, his mouth snapping shut almost immediately. "I know it was bad." She stated calmly. "But we can't have him feeling bad." Fries tipped his 'head' in confusion. "He needs to understand that Leafy was long gone. She is a thief, a traitor, a monster."

Fries glanced down at the grass, before standing up and stretching, groaning with pure sleepiness. "I understand.. I guess it's okay then.." he spoke before slowly walking off, his feet sliding against the grass with every step. Pin sat in silence for what felt like ages, her breath becoming puffs of clouds in the cold night air as she looked up at the sky.

Leafy deserved it. There was no reason to feel guilty for any of this. That thing had it coming.
She mentally winced, even though Leafy was a monster, it felt slightly wrong to call her a thing..

She's a friend too..

Yeah?..

No.

A thief! That's all she is! A dirty thief that stole their one and only chance of paradise! The reason their battling again for practically nothing! But was that really an excuse to hurt her in horrible ways?

Yeah. She would think so.

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Leafy stared at Firey. His off putting glow, his slightly brighter glow..

this Firey was suspicious, but maybe he was just different. It has been a while since they were face to face.

"Okay!" Their walking came to a halt as they came in view with the large field used for challenges. The contestants were spread out. Talking, moving, smiling, laughing. So happy.

"You know what your gonna do?" Firey whispered, his voice low. Leafy tipped her 'head' in confusion. What was her friends plan?

"What?" She asked, the sudden gust of wind caught her off guard, but not her best friend, he only glared ahead at the contestants that play in the field. With that bright green eye..

Wait.

Did Firey always have one green eye? Since when did this happen?

She scraped this thought out of her mind. Nobody would act like Firey just with the intent to hurt her. Nobody would betray her like this. Even though an entire team just did...

"I want to take a part of each of your friends." Leafy had never turned to face someone so quickly, her heart rate going up. "What?!" She hissed. Firey turned and raised an eyebrow. "This is for a good cause Leafy." He stated. "Do you want to be friends or not." This seemed to switch up leafy, because she quickly widened her eyes and hissed in fear. "Yes! I-of course! Sorry!" That was easy.

"Alright then. Choose. What is the most important part of each of your friends?"

Leafy glanced around at the field beyond the bush they were behind. The moon casted a calming glow over her friends.

Coiny was always talking about his shine. But that was just his shiny copper. Maybe she could take some copper? She didn't know how that would work.

Golfball was a bossy one, but she always saw things in a scientific and honestly smart way. Maybe her sight? It's how the girl saw things the way she did..

Flower always saw herself as a very pretty one. It was her whole identity. So perhaps the center of her beauty.. like her petals? Perhaps that would work..

Pin always had a 'point'. Yeah, her pin! Her point would be the best thing, it's what made her a pin.

Pencil was a pencil, so she would take the thing that made her a pencil! The lead!

And match was pencils best friend, but whatever. The head of the match. Ya know, like the red part? That's what she would take..

She shook her head and flared at her hands. What was she thinking?! Killing her friends?!!
She turned to face Firey in a mix of anger and confusion. "Are you asking me to kill my friends?!" She yelped, searching for *any reason* this was necessary.

"Are you saying you don't want to be friends?"Firey reflected, really well too. Because this made Leafy tense back up into her defensive position. "No not at all!" She defended herself. "I just want to know what this is needed for! Why do you need.. all these parts..!" She trembled at the thought of killing her friends.
"Dear, is that really important?" Leafy shivered at those words. The use of the word 'dear' was something Leafy never wanted to hear. "I would say it is.." she muttered.

"Leafy, why are you still worried about them? They did betray you.." Firey lifted Leafys 'head' with his burning hands, making her wince at the burning sensation below her mouth. "So.. did you.." Fireys face went dull for a moment before he blinked gently. "I'm offering you my friendship again, did they ever do that?" Leafy gulped as Firey took his finger and traced it along the weak crack that was shot across her face. "They hurt you leafy, do you really think they still care about you?"

She paused. Maybe this was true. They went out of their way to harm her. And even if the things Firey wanted were odd, he *is* the only one still offering friendship.

"Leafy, it's simple. They can be recovered anyways!" Leafy stood still for a moment, the wind almost too loud. It was like this for a minute, before she nodded slowly. "Your right.. okay... yeah.." Firey smiled warmly.

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Firey sat in his bed, sleepiness tugging at his eyelids but he fought against it. The guilt was far too much. He hasn't left his room at all since their trip. And he hasn't slept either. His doorknob was even gathering dust. He yearned for the sun, but going outside just made him remember the fly home. Chatter and hints of guilt. He could never leave his home. Never again.

The knock at his door caught him off guard. "Yeah..?" He said quietly. There was a tug at his door before a short figure peaked in his room. "Firey! There you are! Where were you today was the party!" Firey sighed as Golfball trotted up to his bedside. "Look I feel bad too. Maybe we should have thought that through before we.. did.. that.. but it's been a week! Gelatin is upset you missed his birthday..!" Firey closed his eyes and spoke, his voice rough from not speaking for a week. "I just need time to think is all." Golfballs face scrunched up. "Alright then.." the short figure trotted back towards the doorway before pausing and turning.

"Have you eaten recently?"

Firey wanted to nod, he really did. But he couldn't lie again. He shook his head. His muscles aching with the sudden movement. Golfball sighed and left the room, before coming back with a bag. "For some reason a lot of our needed machinery is missing.. like our auto food generator, and the recovery center.." she said worried. This caught Firey off guard too. However he was distracted as the bag was softly placed in his arms, Golf ball releasing her teeth from the ripping paper. "I found some stuff in the pantry. I hope you like trail mix and canned fruit." She giggled.

Firey watched the short figure walk out of his room and softly closed the door. For now however, Firey felt he could eat a horse.

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**Wassup homies x3 I have had a sudden burst of motivation. Is this chapter long or not? If it is it's because of this motivation. Hope you guys are doing well! It's about to get bloody so watch out!**
**Also if ya came here from TikTok, I lied. I do not have a friend. I made this myself and I just wanted to post doodles without being weird like "hey look at this fan fiction I made  " so yeah. This is actually a one man project..**

# • Missing •

**Quick note before I begin this :3**
**I made some design changes and it's important yall know what the characters look like and stuff, so I made a sheet for Leafy and Firey, well the Firey Leafy is hanging out with. Hope you guys are catching on to that**
**Anyways here eat up there's canon designs now :)**

(BEFORE YOU SAY IT, J KNOW LEAFY LOOKS LIKE MINTY, that's kinda what I was going for 😭😭)

**Hahahehehehshahehahaha if you guys want I can teach y'all all about my object anatomy and how their limbs work ;3**

**Anyways, enjoy this chapter!!**

**TW FOR THIS CHAPTER BTW: Self harm, blood, injury, self inflicted injury, and manipulation. It's a lot I know 😓**

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Golfball sighed as she trotted out of Fireys room, her claws making clicking noises with each footstep. Worry was flooding her brain and she felt as if she was drowning.

Usually the recovery center being missing is a big deal, but when the host isn't present and there is no way to receive another one?! It's even worse that the auto food generator, or the AFG is also missing. Now their supply was limited. Nobody would just take the thing keeping everyone alive technically.

She could feel sweat dripping against her dimples, and she could tell her glasses were fogging.

She practically slid down the stairs and into her laboratory, running quickly into the experimental room that she made for things like robots and chemicals. Not the best mix.

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Leafy stared at her paws, her heart aching and burning with desperation. There were splotches of grey Yoyleland metal still spotted on her arms and surface. They were not coming off, they were sticking to her and keeping her from sleeping.

Her eyes were heavy and weighted with the urge to cry. But she couldn't let it out no matter how hard she tried. She needed it *gone!*

*It was itching and burning* her skin and paws, and her crazed eyes were tearing up. It was dark out. So *so dark.* But she could still see that *damn shine.* The stupid glimmer that shows when light is shined on the metal. Her metallic spots of fur that made ponds of itch on her arms and legs were too much to handle.

She wanted to sleep. *Please let her sleep.* It didn't bother her before when she had other things to pay attention to, but now that she was alone and trying to focus on her body to rest, the feeling is *unbearable..*
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She felt around for *anything. Anything that will free her from this hell.*

A knife.

*Her* knife.

The knife that protected her from people who wanted to hurt her. It's here once again to protect her from this internal hell that she has been personalized to.

She slowly put the knife up against the metal on her right leg, before she started to move it in a saw-like motion.

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Pin awoke with a startled yelp, glancing around her room for a hot minute before sighing. *Another nightmare.* She couldn't get it out of her head. Why did everyone seem so upset about their situation? It was the only reasonable option.

Or of course they could have just chased her away.

And didn't..

*Kill* her..

She laughed at herself and waved her hand humorously. That wouldn't have even stopped the leaf from coming back. Now she is dead and they have nothing to worry about.

The red object glanced at the metal bat lying on the cold corner of her room. Dented and broken. Who knew yoylemetal was so strong. It took so long to even make a crack in the girl! She giggled before opening her door and soon her front door.

The warm morning  breeze came in a heavy wave across her face. It was calming. Soothing. She began making her way to Golfballs factory for their breakfast. They got it every morning from the AFG. As she slid her feet down the cold stone stairs, she was met with Golfball, who ran past her so quickly she looked like a blur.

Golfball seemed to notice her presence, as she yelped an "oh!" Before

her claws could be heard scraping the metallic ground. Pin glanced in Golfballs direction to meet her, but the ball couldn't stop quick enough, and tumbled into the bookshelf hanging on the wall. The hollow sound of the wooden shelf, along with all of its books, hitting the ground echoed the walls of the lab.

A low groaning rumbled from the now pile of books, the tired muttering of the scientist of easy to decipher. "The ARG and HPRC are both gone. Check the pantry for food." Pin raised an eyebrow. Who would just take the two most important machines? Unless they self destructed, but Golfball would have been alerted of that.

She shrugged before walking away from the disaster, leaving Golfball to pick up her own mess.

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Leafy awoke with a burning sensation on her limbs, feeling cold water prickling her skin. She rubbed her eyes and tugged herself off of the ground, focusing her eyes on her surroundings. She was in the same spot she fell asleep. A small clearing in the middle of the forest.

She glanced down at her limbs. Patches of skin with almost no fur at all. Her paw was still metallic, and so was the skin underneath. The itchiness was far less intense though. Some patches went deeper, with jagged cuts with dried blood caked over it was In many ponds of skin. She doesn't remember last night, just her knife against her skin.

The soft glow of her friend caught her eye, but she was quickly caught off guard because it was raining. How in Cary's name was Firey standing outside in the rain.

"Ah leafy! There you are! You doing okay? How did you get hurt?" Leafy furrowed her eyebrows together, glaring at the fire boy. "How are you in the rain, Firey?" Her friends face faltered into something more angry, his eyebrows sunk down to his eyelids.

"Let me get you bandages for that."

The blatantly ignored question gets left floating through the foggy air, the sound of heavy raindrops becoming overwhelmingly loud.

Leafy shuffled and glanced back at her battered limbs, fresh blood oozing out and being washed away by the heavy rain. The faint hint of itch already getting on Leafys nerves.

It only upset her when the effect of the Yoyleberries faded away,  her limbs no longer numb and prickly. However the years of consumption of the berries left a mark on her body. Surely it will go away soon?

A crack of sticks caught her attention, a roll of bandages in front of her feet. She swiped it into her paws, the rough texture making her wince. Her skin felt so fragile.

She carefully rolled the bandages around her wounds, the beads of blood being absorbed into the fabric.

The sound of rain got louder with every passing moment. It was almost unbearable. She felt like carving her head out. She just can't stand it she *can only hear rain only rain rain rain-*

*Rain.*

It was almost calming.

If she just relaxed.

She leaned back, the scratchy texture of the bandages relaxing her stinging wounds. everything was relaxing. If she just focused on everything else that wasn't so negative.

Like the aching in her head that was still roughly present.

The stinging underneath the itching bandages.

The uncomfortable feeling of her soggy fur that was left on her limbs.

The loud sound of thunder above the dark clouds.

Her eyes widened as she scrambled to her feet, pausing for a second for the dark splotches to leave her vision.

Thunder. It was her favorite type of weather. Maybe it wasn't as fun when she was shivering underneath a yoylebush, huddled against

herself as puffs of breath shivered their way out of her mouth. But something about the sound, the feeling, everything. It helped her calm much more.

She decided to take a walk through the forest around her. May as well enjoy the beauty.

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**I'm trying real hard to put pin in the right as well but I don't think there's anything i can do at this point 😭**

**I mean they attacked leafy because she was getting in the way of competition and also felt like isolation wasn't enough, but now that I state it out in words, this is all a bit too much for an island huh.**

**Like they need to chill. I'm on y'all's side on this pin kinda sucks ☹**

**Anyways I hope you enjoyed!**

**(P.S: tell me what characters you want reference for next. I'm feeling artistic!)**

**(P.S: P.S: do y'all like the new cover?)**

# • Match •

Early Christmas present for y'all :3

**TW: LITERAL MURDER. LIKE SOMEONE ACTUALLY GETS KILLED ———_€\<\€**

The room was quiet. The calm and peaceful atmosphere of the room brought comfort to Pin. She didn't feel guilty. Not even a little bit.

She had no reason to feel guilty, she did what was right. For everyone. Coiny was mad at her.

*Coiny ran up to her as she dug in the pantry, her eyes catching sight of his golden figure. However the way he walked towards her, he was irritated, angry even.*

*"Pin!" His voice echoed the metal walls of the lab. "Pin! Fries told me about what happened! What the hell!" This caught her off guard, as she raised her head and glanced at the coin. "What? To Leafy? We kinda had to do it." She shrugged, and that seemed to get him angrier. "What is wrong with you! That so inhumane!" The red thumbtack rolled her eyes, scoffing in annoyance. "It's fine Coiny! She won't bug us anymore." Coiny growled and stomped away.*

Pin shivered as that unfamiliar feeling of guilt drowned her. Not for hurting Leafy, but for hurting Coiny.

She shook it off, somehow. She usually never recovers after hurting her best friend. So instead she sits in the calming, peaceful room.

~————————————~

"What about flower?"

"I don't even know where she went.."

"Book?"

"I don't even know her!"

"Match..?"

Leafy places her hand below her mouth where her Chin would be. Squinting with her eyes flooded with thought. "Do I have to.. kill them?" She glanced up at her friend, his flames engulfing the air around him. "You want to be friends, do you not?"

Leafy gulped

"Plus, they would usually die from blood loss.." Firey added, his voice less loud than before. Leafy shook her head. "If this is necessary..

Then I guess I have to.."

Firey smiled, pleased. "Well rumor has it that Match is sitting at the forests edge.. it's like she is waiting for you!" Fireys pathetic attempt at a joke DIDNT heal Leafys worries, but she furrowed her eye brows with confidence.

~————————~

Matches feet shook with excitement, waiting patiently but somehow impatiently, for her to arrive.

Her and Pencil set up a lovely picnic at the forests edge! It was beautiful and sunny out, and the sun rays were warm on her limbs. Everything was perfect. A nice romantic picnic with pence pence on a nice sunny day!

Everything was perfect.

Was.

Match was taken out of her carefree and perfect train of thought when there was a tap on her shoulder. She turned quickly, expecting to see pencil behind her, but was taken by surprise when Leafy stood behind her. Her hands behind her back, and her face was solemn.

*'Leafy? I thought she was dead!'* Match thought to herself. Leafy must have seen the confusion plastered on Matches face, and her face twisted in guilt. Match wasn't involved in the attack. In fact she had *nothing* to do with it. But this was necessary. For Fireys sake.

Leafy glanced at matches red head, its rough texture glimmering in the hot sun. "Match." Leafy spoke, her voice scratchy. "Leafy? What are you like, doing here? Aren't you like, dead?" Match asked, her shoulders stiffening in uncomfortable silence.

Leafy didn't answer. She didn't want to.
She *couldn't.*

"Well.. like.. I have a picnic planned with pencil, so can we talk after that?" Leafys heart ached with pure guilt, match looked so confused and *scared.* But she had to.

Leafy tightened her grip on her knife, taking a step closer to the match.

Match took notice of this, scooting away slightly. "Leafy? What are you like, doing?"

Leafy didn't respond, stepping closer.

Match stumbled to her feet, but her vision was all dark and she got light headed. She must've stood up too quickly.

Leafy took advantage of this, deciding to just get it over with.

She took quicker steps forward, before leaping up on top of match. Match let out a yelp, throwing her hands to the top of her head. Leafy threw her knife at the end of the red phosphorus on match, blood seeping from the already deep cut.

Leafy began to saw at the cut.

Match let out a loud shriek, stumbling into a bush to the side of them. Leafy kept her grip, however, continuing to saw at match despite being under her. Match kicked her feet around, screaming what seemed like pleads. And there was so much blood.

There was no way match was making it out of this alive.

With the position they were in, match was helpless. Match was on top of leafy, yes, but she had her back to leafy as well. This left leafy tightly holding onto the match, sawing at the head, and match helplessly kicking onto the air.

Leafy was about halfway through, and with every saw, was more confidence. Leafy began to think about what match did. Match helped chase leafy to Yoyleland, and allowed her to be isolated for years. Match had this coming for all the suffering she had caused leafy.

She was almost through, and she felt match grow weak. Her limbs were helplessly flailing in the air, weak and slow. Her high pitched screams and wails are now nothing but weak and slow sobs.

Eventually, the sawing stopped, and with it, so did match.

Of course match was still alive. But barely. Her breathing was shallow, and it was obvious she was dying from blood loss.

This was the end for poor little match. And leafy knew that.

As leafy slithered out from under match, she took one last glance watching match. Her eyes were heavy. She looked like she was on her last few minutes.

"Like.. why?" Is all match could muster out, as she closed her eyes for eternal rest. Her last moment filled with nothing but *agony*.

Of course, this couldn't be her end! She will be recovered once pencil realizes she's dead.

Right?

~————————————~

"I don't know what to do! It's just *missing!"*
Golfball paced the lab, the cluttered potions and experiments left laying across the tables around her. "Did you ask everyone about it?" Tennis ball asked gently, looking up from his book.

"Yes I asked everybody! Why wouldn't I! Book wants to revive bubble how do I tell her she *can't?!?"*

Golfball looked up and grunted with frustration and worry. "The recovery center is missing! And so is the AFG! We are all gonna die of starvation and there is nothing we can do about it!!" She stomped her feet. "And announcer is missing! Without him there is quite literally *no way* to bring *anyone* back!"

Tennis ball looked off to the side. "So.. is death forever?" Golfball sighed and nodded. "At the moment.. yes."

——//(/);::&/&/@2?:&3)2&/?

**Y'all my motivation is sinking to beyond low. Anyways merry Christmas! Or early Christmas it depends when your reading this.**

**Anyways I have a lot of ideas!**

**How would you feel about an II fic where four chosen residents of hotel oj become gods? The main character will Elbe balloon! I know everyone likes that guy!**

**Or maybe a comic set in BFB where an infection takes over everyone and everything! It has drama and speciesism! Wow fun!**

**Anyways, hope you have a wonderful day or night, wherever you are!**

**(PS: it's funny because I actually ship pinleaf, and it may not be obvious because of the way pin acts towards leafy and how much of a shithead she is in this fic. But not to worry, I'm not gonna make it canon. Love y'all <3)**

# | Gone. Forever |

**So you guys, I Got a keyboard and an IPad, so that comic might happen soon ;3**
**Early chapter!**

**TW: described blood, death**

**(Also, a ship becomes canon in this.**
**Match x pencil. Not to worry though because they obviously can't interact considering.. Match is fucking dead..**
**Enjoy early chapter!!!**
**,,... > > >, < LKKJOOLLL::P——-**

Pencil quickly Scooped up the basket, the sound of plastic sandwich bags and fresh apples hitting the side of the basket brought a calming feeling to her mind. She had planned a romantic picnic with match, down at forests edge. The sun was warm, and the wind was calm. Her feet hit the soft grass, her eyes were wrinkled with a smile, everything was perfect.

*Was.*

When pencil arrived at the location, she was immediately confused. The blanket and cheesecake were already layed out, but there was no match in sight. As pencil grew closer, the more worried she grew. She slowly put down the picnic basket and slid her way closer to the blanket. Red splotches painted the blanket, and small wooden slivers mixed with red powder lay scattered around. This immediately alarmed pencil,

This could be anything, but it was most likely match. Pencil searched around the area, the taste of iron in the air became prominent. Especially as she grew closer to a bush close by the picnic blanket.

As she grew closer, she covered her 'nose' and squinted her eyes.

Is that-

"Match?!" Pencil stumbled back in pure shock. Here was match, missing the top of her head. Her once bright and rough red top, was now replaced with a rigid cut, half fresh half dried blood seeping from the brutal wound. "Oh dear match!" She wailed, kneeling down and scooping up her body. There was so much blood, every limb was painted with the red liquid. Pencil has seen match die, but this one was definitely more brutal. Whoever did it had a target and a goal.

Pencil began walking away towards the battle grounds. Away from the crime scene. Away from the picnic. Away.

Pencil usually wouldn't care that much. Of course she cared that match was dead! But usually she could just go revive her after all. However she felt more *upset* about this one. She didn't know why. Maybe it was the unreasonably brutal death, or the fact that matches killer clearly had a motive. Or maybe it was the fact that matches last moments before death were so obviously filled with fear and weakness.

~————————~

"Ah.. Golfball!" Pencils scratchy voice rang across the grassy fields, and the scientist stopped and turned on her heels. "Wha..." She paused, staring at Pencils panting body, and the *motionless* body within her arms. "Hah.. Golfball.. hah.." Pencil slowed down and gasped for air, hovering over the body in her hands. "Where is the.... Recovery center?.." Golfball frowned, guilt overrunning her mind. "Ah.. Pencil, I have some bad news.." she stated softly. Golfball was never good with feelings.

Pencil furrowed her brows, a disappointed look washed over her face. "Are you fixing it again? I wouldn't mind waiting a few.. but.. like.. hurry!" She stumbled on her words as she waited for Golfball to answer."Pencil.. Match is gonna be gone for.. longer than expected.. possibly forever. The HPRC is missing."

There was a heavy silence between the two, as bright and thick clouds cover the sun. Rain today was unexpected. But possible. Soft raindrops touched the limbs of both objects when pencil shut her

mouth. However she quickly opened it back up and spoke softly. "Are you kidding?" Pencil even let out a small giggle, like this situation was nothing but a silly joke. "Hehe.. Y-your funny, Golfball.. But really, where is the Recovery Center." This wasn't a question, it was a statement.

"I.." Golfball stuttered. "I just told you, pencil.. It's gone.." This answer seemed to not be good enough for pencil as her eyebrows grew close together. "Golfball now is no time for jokes. Match is dead and I wanna bring her back! *Where is the recovery center!"* When Golfball took a step back pencil took a step forward, the body of match held close to her body. "Where is it Golfball?!" Pencil yelled. This seemed to have alerted Tennisball, who trotted out of the small building they stood next to.

"What is going on?" He asked cautiously. Pencil twirled and faced the yellowish green object, a crooked smile on her face. "T—tell Golfball to stop joking around! Tell her to tell me where the recovery center is!" Tennisball gulped, casting a glance at Golfball, who was standing nervously "Pencil.. *Match is gonna be gone for a while... or forever.."* Tennisball stated softly.

Pencil turned and faced Golfball, rage bubbling in her eyes. "So you guys both think this is funny huh!?" She yelled. "this ISN'T SOMETHING TO JOKE ABOUT!! *THIS IS MY GIRLFRIEND HERE!! DO SOMETHING TO BRING HER BACK!!"* Tears streamed down her face as she yelled, and Golfball couldn't tell if they were her literal tears or just the pouring rain.

Pencil pulled the body of her lover close, in hope that she would hug her back. But her limbs were cold and the dried blood was being washed away by the rain. Pencil couldn't hold it.

She fell to her knees and sobbed over the body of Match. Death was forever and Match was dead. Who did this? Who would do something so horrible? So brutal and cruel. There was no reason. None at all. She could hear the muffled voices of Golfball and Tennisball, trying desperately to comfort the grieving object.

~————————————————~

Pencil had left to leave match a place to rest. She told the other freesmarters about what had happened. However Ruby was nowhere to be seen. She was probably hanging out with flower again.

Book and ice cube were heartbroken, but not as much as pencil. Not by a long shot.

But, deep in the forest, Leafy sat with Firey underneath the same tree they have been sleeping under.

"Who are you planning on killing next?" Firey asked nonchalantly.

"Oh uh.. I don't know.. Who do you think?" Leafy sat in deep silence as Firey thought for a moment.
"What about Pin?"

"What?"

"How about you kill pin next? It's best too get rid of the threat."

Revenge clung deep onto Leafys mind. Pin was the reason she was in the situation in the first place.

"Yeah."

_____'-'-'-'-'-'-'-'-'-'-'-'-'-'-'-

**Hey yall! I made art for this chapter!!**

**TW:: BLOOD, GORE(?)**

**Awww poor pencil.**

**I got so mad while writing this because the chapter originally had a whole nother section, but when I saved the draft it deleted half of the chapter, like, why >:((**

**Anyways, hoped you enjoyed the early chapter !!!**

# | Distrust |

**So y'all, I actually feel like writing again, sowoohoo!!**

**However I have decided that I might start new books and stuff, hope y'all don't mind.It might slow down production.**

**TW: arguing, implied murder, flowby..**

**——_—_—_-___—_**

Flower laughed loudly, her petals shined in the pouring rain. "Oh Ruby! You are just the funniest!" She said between laughs, earning a giggle from Ruby. "And I told her! I don't know why she did it anyways!" Ruby exclaimed. Flower nudged the gem. "Hey, the rain is getting heavy, maybe its time you head home." Ruby pouted, tipping her head to the side. "Already? I thought you said you loved the rain!"

"I do! It's just that you might get a cold!" Flower reasoned, crossing her legs. Ruby raised an eyebrow. "Won't you get a cold too?"Flower just laughed, waving her hand as if dismissing her. "Ooh Ruby! I'm a plant, a bit of hydration wont do anything to me!" She said, flicking at her petals. Ruby responded with a laugh.

It felt strange for Flower. Usually, she was alone, sitting in the seemingly endless plains. Any time she spoke with anyone she would get overly angry or they would just dismiss her. She had gained a bad reputation over the years, and she wanted to change. She really did. Being with someone who listens, laughs, and treats her like how they treat everyone else.. It was refreshing. It was freeing. Ruby treated her like this. Ruby was her escape.

Ruby rolled her eyes. "Whatever, I bet Freesmart is looking for me anyways.." with this, she got up and stretched, her bones letting out small pops after sitting still for so long. "Same time next week?" The

gem asked, turning to face her girlfriend. "Yup!" Flower replied, lifting a thumbs up.

Flower sat back and sighed as Rubys footsteps faded. The sound and feel of the pouring rain always calmed her.

~————————————————~

Golfball walked around a tree, stopping in her tracks to glance down at the trunk. *Bingo!!* She smiled as she began picking the weeds off of the base of the tree. Tennis ball walked up behind her cautiously, his breath some how quiet and loud a the same time. "Are- are you sure we really need to be here?" He asked, his legs shaking beneath him. Golfball tapped the ground next to her, and Tennis ball quickly got the message as he tipped his head and let the small basket land on the ground.

Golfball put the cluster of weeds she picked into the basket, quickly tossing it back up onto Tennis balls head. "I don't want to be here either, but if we want a new recovery center we gotta do what we gotta do" Golfball finally answered her partners question. "Yes, but isn't being out here during this time a bit.. dangerous?" Golfball raised an eyebrow and turned to face him. "What do you mean?"

"I- I mean... after.. *that*... wouldn't you think that something was out there?? It's pretty obvious it wasn't just another accident.." Golfball sighed. "And along with that.." he continued, "Match died in an isolated area... nobody was even.. near! I don't know I just.." his face shifted to something uneasy. "I just feel like something is out to.. *kill us*.. all of us.." Golfball averted her gaze as her mind clouded with thought. The wind grew louder with every passing moment, before finally someone spoke up. "That is a possibility.." Golfball muttered, her voice almost to quiet to make out.

The rest of the trip was quiet.

~————————————————~

"It was *you* wasn't it?!"

The broken wails from her friend made Pin physically recoil. "Coiny,

it's not your place to make that claim..." Firey stepped in, grasping his ex-enemies shoulder lightly. This made Coiny turn and face him, rage burning in his eyes. "Yes! It is! I may have not been best friends with Match, but I still knew her!" He shouted, pointing is finger at Pin. "And who else would kill someone here but her?! She had no bother killing Leafy!" Firey cringed while sliding his hand back to his side. "She's.. she's not dead.." he said hesitantly. Pin spoke up. "Dead or not. Leafy was a nuisance. We had every right to kill her and-"
"*No!* I can't believe you guys! Especially you Firey! Weren't you two friends during season 1?!" Firey closed his eyes, his lips forming a thin line. "I thought her staying in Yoyleland was a bit much, but now you guys are treating her like-like- *I don't even know!"* Coiny angrily put his hands to his head, groaning in anger. "And now Match is dead, and it was so clearly a murder!"

Firey opened back up his eyes, looking at the coin. "Coiny you never know- it may have been a-"
"*Accident?* Please. You think an accident would do that to Match? Practically half of her was gone! The other half was never even found! This wasn't an *accident* Firey! It was intentional!" Firey averted his gaze. "Pin what do you have to say for yourself." Coiny now faced the red thumbtack. She blinked in confusion. "You killed Match didn't you." her face distorted into shock. "You don't actually believe I would do that do you?!" She yelped.

Coiny rolled his eyes, scoffing."you killed.. well..attacked Leafy." Pin furrowed her brows. "I can't *believe you!* You and I know damn well I would never do something like that to someone unless I had a reason!" She pointed an accusing finger. "Did *you* kill Match?!" Coiny hands flew to his chest. "Me?! Pin!" He yelled, his eyes flashing with many different emotions at once. "Doesn't feel good being accused of something you didn't do huh!" Pins blood boiled with rage as she stomped off, angrily mumbling to herself in the process.

"Pin wait! Ugh!" Coiny turned to face Firey, who was still standing there awkwardly, before rushing off after Pin..

~————————————————~

"Leafy Leafy!" The leaf lifted her 'head', annoyed. "What Firey, what." She groaned. "Leafy now is the time! I found your next victim!" Leafy

immediately pulled herself out of her groggy state, standing up and pulling a knife out of the bush next to her. "Alone?" Firey nodded excitedly. Yet somehow, the nod seemed to have no emotion attached to it. Leafy brushed it off. It was probably the lack of social contact that she had forgotten how to read people.

"Where is she?" Firey smiled, pointing in the direction of..

The beach.

Well, not exactly the beach. It was the direction of a river that reached out from the Goiky Canal. The river was known to have some pretty intense currents.

The perfect place for a murder.

_____'-'-'-'-'-'

**Y'all guess who's bouta die**

**You wont believe**

**Anyways hope y'all enjoyed that one! I'm gonna be a bit busy with school so sorry about that. Happy 2024! A bit late but eh.**

# | Coiny |

**TW: character death, drowning, gore, mental illness, mentions of cannibalism, etc.**

~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~

Leafy carefully crept through the forest, the sound of rushing water getting louder with each passing step. Leafy had a plan set together for how she was gonna do this. She has for a while now. Pin can't do these things and expect to get off Scot-free. Leafy yelped, as she tripped and tumbled over a log, landing directly on her back. She groaned in pain.

"Hello?" Leafy slapped her hand over her mouth, muffling any sound that even had a chance of exiting her throat. Pins sharp accent could be heard bouncing off the trees. Leafy lowered her hand and furrowed her brows.

The lemon leaf stood, facing directly over the bush, and at the red thumbtack.

Pins eyes widened, her face twisting into one of rage, fear, and shock, all at the same time somehow. "*You!*" She hissed, pulling herself out of the shallow waters, letting her feet slide against the sharp rocks below her.
~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~

"You- you died! You were meant to die!!" She yelled, pointing an accusing finger towards the other. "*You killed her!!* You killed Match didn't you!" Leafy only responded with a grin, gripping at the knife in her hands. Pin noticed, her face contorted to one of fear, as she backed away, hands up, and deeper into the waters behind her.

Leafy blinked, before throwing the knife directly at Pin. However, Pin

only let out a yelp as she tumbled into the waters below her feet. The lemon leaf quickly lifted her feet and sprinted toward the struggling figure in the waters.

As she reached for her ex-alliance member, she pushed her deeper below the water and the currents picked up. All Pin could do was thrash around as fresh water filled her lungs.

As the current got stronger, Leafy began to slowly drag Pin out further into the river, and deeper. Pins actions began to weaken. Until-

The leaf howled in pain as a sharp stinging sensation struck her arm. She frantically kicked Pin further into the river before she glanced at her arm to find-

Her knife. She could've sworn she threw that.

Hands swept around her face as she was dunked underwater. She screeched, kicking at the figure that was harming her. Their body was smooth, and *oh so shiny*. Even she could tell from under the water. She clawed at the hands on her cheeks, and kicked at the legs beneath the figure. Her vision was fading, and her thoughts were clouding. Her limbs were weak and slow, especially when underwater.

A mess of bubbles and blood swished around her, but in some final attempt at life, she turned over and pulled the knife out of her arm. She had honestly forgotten about it, it must've been pure adrenaline.

She plunged the knife into the figure, and watched as red liquid shot out from above the waves and into the water she was in. Quickly, the hands let go and she dived out of the water.

In a blind adrenal rage, she twisted toward the writhing object and twisted the knife out. The figure yelled in agony as she continued to stab in and out of the object. Blood gushed and shot into the now rushing water as guttural screams filled her ears.

Coiny squirmed in pain as blood gushed out of his lower torso, the green figure holding him above the water stopped the stabbing and

now just looked at him. Leafy's breathing became slower and more deep, as she glared down at the shiny figure.

Slowly, she held up his body, which was desperately trying to breathe, and began scratching away copper flakes. She had no idea what made Coiny.. well... Coiny. Besides his personality. She scooped up the shiny flakes and held them in her hand, glancing at her friend for a moment.

His eyes were trying to stay open, and it was clear he was doing anything to stay awake. Leafy frowned, leaning closer in pity. "Shhh.." she said as calmly as she could. She brushed her fingers over his eyelids and let them close. "Just sleep, it's okay." Coiny obliged, closing his eyes and letting himself drift away.

As Coiny fell asleep, Leafy let him go.

———————

Pins body jerked awake, as she gasped for air and tumbled around in the rocks. She remembered everything. The water, the blood, Coiny...

*Leafy.*

Leafy was alive. She thought Firey just felt bad. A lot of them did. But no, Leafy was alive. Pin stumbled on her feet and breathed heavily. Her lungs and throat burned, her head was pounding, and she was soaking wet.

Turning to face the rushing waters, she noticed that she wasn't on her original side. She crossed the river somehow. Maybe it was the current, or maybe she just forgot something. Well, with the current state of the river, there was no way she was crossing again.

She began walking against the shoreline, letting the light of the setting sun reflect off of her skin. She was calm, considering the severity of the current situation. That was until her foot caught onto something and she fell flat on her face.

"Grr.." she grumbled, turning to see what happened.

Quicker than ever, her hand flew over her mouth, because she was

Met with the mangled body of her best friend, her co-captain.

"*COINY!*" Her voice broke as she crawled towards his body, a deep wound was leaking blood onto the rocky shore. She cradled him, tears rolling down her face and onto his face. Yet no matter how much Pin wished that he would just open his eyes, he never did.

She wished she never said that stuff, she wished she was nicer to him, she wished she was more sympathetic towards him.

She wished Leafy had just died on the first hit.

This was all Leafys fault. It's why she was in this situation, why she was holding the body of her best friend in her arms.

Or was it..

Leafy had never just killed people whenever in the past. It was always self defense. Only when people walked on her land did she begin to throw knives.

This is *pins* fault.

Leafy wouldn't have been doing this if she was still in Yoyleland. And who was the one who chased her out? Pin. Pin was the one who let her run away, Pin was the one who hit her with a metal bat, Pin was the one who thought it would be a good idea to attack someone for defending their 'home'. Pin is why Coiny is dead.

Coiny was right. If only her skull wasn't so thick, if only her ego wasn't as big as the sun. If only.. she was wrong to pin the blame on Leafy.

By now, the tears stopped coming, and the sun was far done shining, now replaced with the dim light from the stars above. Shakily, she stood up and began to trudge back into the waters, still holding tightly to Coinys body.

Once she was deep enough, with the water about up to her chest, she reluctantly let go. She didn't even hug him. She didn't deserve to. Not after what she has done. She hoped that maybe, someone will find his body, and take the hint that it was best to leave. For their safety.

~————————————~

Leafy watched Fireys blank face examine the sample, the dust made of copper shards reflected the light from the stars. "This will make do.." Firey muttered. He tightened his fingers around the dust, looking up at Leafy.

His green eye contrasted with the rest of his bright orange body. "So uhh.. who's-"

"What happened? Why couldn't you get Pin?" He interrupted, his once dull face now had a hint of frustration. "I uh- I don't know! He just pushed me underwater out of nowhere! You're lucky I'm even here! I almost died for that.." she frowned. She really didn't know where he came from. Maybe he was just taking a walk, or maybe following Pin? Who knows.

Firey sighed. "What were you saying?" Leafy bit her lip as she did anything to avoid eye contact. " I'm.. getting hungry. I'm sick of eating.. leaves." No Yoyleberries grew in the forest. And though they were a good source of protein, they only really grew in Yoyleland and Yoyle Woodlands. Which she was in neither. "You can eat Match." Leafy looked up at Firey, disgust in her glare. "Excuse me? Are you serious?!" She couldn't even tell anymore. Firey shrugged. "I saw Pencil the other day go and bury her down by the clearing down there." He said casually, pointing south. "You can tell because of the lack of grass on a certain patch."

Leafy glared at the flame, yet he seemed serious. "You don't expect me to eat a *person* do you!?"

"Relax! It's not like she's alive anymore!" Firey said. Leafy couldn't believe her ears. "What is wrong with you?!" Firey glared right back at her. "It's either that or starvation. Choose." Leafy growled in anger and stomped away. She heard Firey make a noise of disapproval but she couldn't care less.

*It's either that or starvation.*

*Starvation.*

*Choose.*

Leafy slowed after a while, thinking for a moment. *It's either that or starvation. Choose.* She didn't want to die. She doubted she would ever respawn if so.

Slowly, she began walking south.

_____-_____

**Hey y'all, I'm just gonna stop pulling your legs and telling y'all that I have motivation**

**Updates are gonna be slow, alright?**

**What do we think? I was gonna let Pin die, but I wanted to keep her for a bit longer for lore purposes.**

**Sorry I killed like half of y'all's favorite character, but it had to be done.**

**See ya again at some point, I dunno** 

# | It's Time To Go. |

**Wassup again! How are we feeling?**

**TW: Hinted Cannibalism, Arguments.**

~————————————~

The sound of roots tearing out of the ground was all that filled Leafy's mind. The heavy shovel in her hand dug at the damp dirt beneath her feet. She felt guilty, but this was for her own good. Why did they even bury her in the first place? They can just recover her..

She breathed heavily as the body slowly became more visible, rot was clear around the arms and legs, but mostly the head. The body seemed to be void of blood, and Matches face was still stuck in that face of calmness. The same one she died with.

Leafy grunted as she hauled the match stick out of the ground, moist dirt stained her wood. The body was fairly light, and wasn't much of a struggle to pull up. Suddenly, the reality of Leafys actions hit her mind, as she let out a quivering breath. She didn't want to starve. It's either this or starvation.

The sound of crunching grass became very apparent in the silent night. Quickly, she grabbed the arm of what once was her *friend* and began dragging it in any direction.

~————————————~

It had been a week.

A week ago, Firey left to look for his friend Coiny, who reportedly chased after Pin after an argument. The same day the flame left, he returned, with the soggy, swollen body of Coiny.

This death was no accident, and it was obvious based on the deep stab wounds on the body of the copper penny.

This seemed to be enough for pencil, who reported leaving to visit her girlfriend's grave, and returned in tears, blabbering about how someone had dug up her body just the day before Fireys expedition.

Now, Ruby lay in the soft grass fields, her legs swaying side to side in boredom. She was barely aware of the current events, only that there was an accident with Match. So it caught her by surprise when Pencil approached her and nudged her with her foot.

"We need to go." The utensil said. Her voice was scratchy and just barely audible. Ruby lifted herself up, glancing back up at her team leader. "What?"

Pencil glared, tear streaks ran down her face, and deep bags dug under her eyelids. "We're leaving. Now." Ruby squinted, visibly confused. This made Pencil's face scrunch up in anger. "*Don't you hear me?!* Get up and let's *go!!"* She yelled through gritted teeth.

"What- *no!"* Ruby yelled back, pulling herself to her feet. "*Why?!"* Pencil stared straight back at Ruby, like she just killed a child. "W-*why?! Ruby* do you value your life?!!" Ruby furrowed her brows. "What are you talking about?!"

"People are *dying* Ruby! They are *dying* and I know it's no accident! Coiny didn't *drown* the man had stab wound! And Match.. *don't even get me started!!"* Rubys face contorted, multiple emotions shooting through her shimmering mind. "*Just recover them?!*"

"We CANT?! Haven't you heard?!? It's gone! *The recovery center is gone!! I found it in pieces yesterday in the woods!* How are you this.. ugh!"
Pencil shouted back, spit hitting the gems face with each word. "I'm not leaving." Ruby stated flatly. Pencil growled under her throat in anger.

"Why not." She asked, her voice low.

Rub pinched the bridge of her 'nose', letting her eyes fall shut as she

groaned. "This is my home Pencil. I have a life here." She could hear pencil respond with a grunt. "What life? All you do is lay around, leave for hours at a time, and act like you're high all the time." Ruby felt her face heat up in anger.

"Is everyone coming along?"

"No, only the Freesmarters."

Ruby glanced behind her team leader, seeing Book and Icecube, who shifted awkwardly under Rubys gaze.

"Can Flower come?" Pencil glared at Ruby, her face consisting of *anger and shock.* "Y- you're kidding.." she said. Ruby shook her head. "No, I'm serious."

"N- no! Of course she can't !" Ruby raised her eyebrows. "Then neither can I." She declared. This made pencil visibly upset.

"Y-you weren't there when she destroyed everything! I'm not bringing that *asshole* with us!" The school utensil shouted. Ruby became visibly agitated. "She'll kill us all!" Pencil continued.

"Hate to break it to you Pencil, but I have a *girlfriend* to protect!" Ruby countered, her feet firm on the ground. "Sorry you couldn't protect *yours.*"

The wind was silent, the only sound that could be heard was the faint breathing of Book and Icecube. "You have no idea how awful it was to know that she died and I could've done something about it.." Pencil muttered. "And I don't want to know." Ruby responded. "It's either bring her or leave me."

Pencil stood, hands hanging at her sides. Her mind was racing with thoughts. Finally, she sighed, turning around and facing Book and Icecube.

"Fine."

~————————————~

"I can't believe you guys brought me along!"

Flower jumped with each step, a wide smile spread across her face. It was warm, and with each patch of sunlight that broke through the trees, the more warm it was.

Above her, she carried Ruby, who was smiling just as wide as Flower. "Well I wouldn't just leave you!" Her lover spoke, her happy voice made Flowers grin impossibly bigger. Ahead of them, there was also the Freesmarters, consisting of Pencil, Book, and Icecube. Bubble had popped earlier, and Match.. actually yeah, why wasn't Match there.

This was the Freesmarters after all, why are they traveling further from their sources of recovery and away from Match?

"Uh- hey- where are we even going? And where is-"

A hand flew over Flowers face, silencing her completely. "Don't bring her up.." Ruby whispered.

"We're heading away from the danger. It's safer out here. If Pin really is the culprit, she is most likely to return to the fields, and we don't want to be near a murderer."

Flower squinted at pencil. "Girl- you're talking nonsense. What's this about 'danger'? And what is Pin the culprit of?!" She flung her arms out to express her confusion, and off of Ruby, who stumbled a bit but eventually got a grip of her petals. Pencil, however, stopped dead in her tracks and sighed. "If I have to explain this to one more *god damn person.."* immediately, Book turned around and smiled nervously. "Don't worry Pencil, I'll explain.." she soothed.

Flower looked down at the blue and green book. She had never met this object before, but Ruby has said essays worth of words about every person in her alliance, so she knows Book pretty well.

"Basically, to sum it all up- uh- People are dying, and our only culprit for the murders is Pin, and the reason we think that is because- well-" Book seemed to struggle with a reason. "Why is Pin the main culprit?.." she said as she helplessly turned to her team leader.

Pencil, sighed, and turned to face Flower and her lover. "Because Pin was nowhere to be seen when Match died, and when Coiny followed

Pin into the forest, Coiny came back dead and Pin was nowhere to be seen.." she explained.

"Ah- yeah- that.." Book muttered pathetically. Flower hummed. "Why not recover them?"

"Oh for gods sake!" Pencil shouted in frustration.

"We can't, the machine is broken." Ruby said from on top of her head.

"Well *sooo-ry* that I'm not aware of what's going on miles away from where I live. I haven't exactly been there to know anything." Flower shot back at Pencils frustration. Pencil only glared back. "We wouldn't have brought you if it wasn't for Rubys whining." She grumbled, turning to continue walking.

Flower followed along, glancing to the side in annoyance. "Good for me.." she muttered.

————————-)————-/

***Late* chapter.** 😓

**I have been working on my next book that I will be working on, it's an ii AU lmao**

**A lot on the comic too**

**Anyways, did yall like this chapter? I liked writing it lol, it was fun writing arguments!** 😳

**Have a good day/night, where ever you are**

# | Pencil |

**TW: Gore, murder, manipulation, threats of suicide / self harm, suicidal thoughts (if you squint)**
**—/——-/-/-///:———-)**

Flower groaned in frustration, her petals beginning to wrinkle due to lack of water. It's been a few days since it last rained, just the most dry, and hot days possible. Ruby was hunched over her shoulders while snoring softly, every once in a while her surface shined in the sunlight.

Book trudged still, her glasses filling with fog and constantly making her take them off to clean them. Her cover was dampened with sweat and her legs shook with exhaustion and sleepiness.

Icecube wasn't looking too hot, water and sweat mixed on her face and her corner was slightly melted.

Pencil kept her legs straight and long, not a shake of exhaust in a single step. Her face was scrunched with determination and her metal band brought helpless sweat to her head.

Safe to say that this part of summer really sucks.

"Pencil, can we please rest? I think I speak for all of us when I say that we're tired.." Flower stated, trying to bring attention to the struggling group.

Pencil stopped dead in her tracks and raised her hand, her whole body still. Book stumbled to stop at the sudden change of pace, and she quickly spun to hold Icecube so she didn't fall.

"Pencil-"
"Shhh.." the interruption was rude, but whatever.

They all kept quiet, the sound of birds and wind mixed with Rubys snoring being the only audible noises. However, the distant rushing of a river brought hope to the group. A *river!!*

---

Leafy stared blankly at the tree leaves above her. The sun dipped in through each small gap. The dry weather recently was not appreciated, she wished for rain again.

She wiped the dried blood off of the corner of her lips, it comes off in a flakey texture. She can't lie, that did fill her up well, but the rumbling in her torso and the bitter taste on her tongue said otherwise.

She heard Firey breathing from the other side of the tree, his flames radiating faint heat through the bark. Slowly, Leafy pulled herself up and twisted her body to glance at her best friend.

..

His eyes were wide open, yet his soft snoring seemed to give the illusion he was asleep. "Umm... Firey..?" Leafy tried to communicate, but her efforts proved useless as his eyes remained open and his snoring stayed unwavering. His green eye glowed faintly with each stiff breath.

Yeah this isn't normal is it.

Suddenly her friend shot up, his face holding an excited smile the brought more warmth to his flames. "I'm awake!!" He announced, his voice oddly robotic. "And we have a problem.." he followed up as he turned to leafy. They came face to face and a hot blush took over her face. "Ah! Sorry! You were just sleeping with your eyes open and-"

"We need to leave." Firey interrupted. His voice was flat and calm. "Pack your things, we're crossing the river." Leafy flew her hands up in shock, as this approach came out of seemingly nowhere. She stood up and held her head as a dark shadow took over her vision for a split second. Once the dizziness was gone, Leafy came quick to shoot down this plan. "No! What?! Why?!"

"Can't you hear them?! They are here for us we need to go!" Leafy scrunched her 'nose' in confusion. "Who?" Firey made a dramatic facepalm and groaned. "The.. what are they called?" Leafy showed visible confusion. "Uhhh.. The squishy grapes?" Firey gave her a bored look. "Get your ass out of the past, Leafy, the group with pencil.. Bubble.." Leafy widened her eyes. "The Freeloaders!" She announced, her hands throwing into the air in excitement. "Freesmarters!" Firey corrected.

Leafy giggled in embarrassment. "Hah.. sorry I didn't really.. I wasn't really there for that.." she glanced to the side. "You're so lucky.. to have stayed in the game.. why did you-" Firey shushed her, throwing his burning hot hands to her sensitive lips. "SsSSSHUUT IT.." He hissed. She followed the order, shutting her teeth together to silence her voice.

"You're telling me you don't hear that!? They're so loud.." he questioned, looking at Leafy with a puzzled expression. Leafy shook her head, still following the previous orders. "Huh.. you guys are weirder than I thought.."

"What was that?" She broke the order.

"Oh! Nothing.."

Leafy looked at the flame. She didn't care about the unfollowed order, she was more confused on what Firey was even talking about. "A-anyways.. we need to leave before they find us. They are heading this way." Leafy scrunched her face, still silent with confusion. There was a moment of silence between the two before the flame boy clapped his hands together. "Come on! Bring your knife, we aren't coming back." He made a heel turn and began walking towards the river. "We're gonna have to sneak past 'em.."

The walk was fairly silent, until voices began to speak up.

"It's too hot for this!"

"Why are you even coming then.. we're *trying* to find a river here.."

"Have you guys even looked at a map? We're going the wrong way.."

"That's because you *are a map,* book."

"Um.. dictionary, actually.."

"Same thing."

"It's really not..-"

"SHUT UP! You guys hear that?"

Silence. Leafy noticed her steps have become more loud and slow than wanted.

Beyond the trees, she spotted the group. Flower was holding a ruby tightly, who was looking around and fidgeting with her fingers. Pencil seemed to be standing defensively in front of Ice cube, and the book. "Heard what?" Said the Ruby. Her voice sounded like an actual gem stone, if that could even be explained. "Someone was walking. And it wasn't us." Said pencil, eyes darting left and right, arms not drooping at all.

"You realize how stupid that sounds?" Flower retorted, rolling her eyes in a mocking manner. "Maybe it's the killer!" Shouted Ice cube. The Book spun and shushed her.

"Stay still." Pencil said, before creeping towards Leafys hiding spot as if a predator stalking prey. Her feet were slow and careful. "I think this is insane." Flower sputtered, tightening her hold of the Ruby.

"If you have a problem you can leave! We never wanted you to come with us anyways!" Pencil spat, spinning to face the sarcastic flower. Flower stared back, her gaze melting into one of annoyance. "Yeah well.. *you* invited me."

The two went at it, shouting insults at each other while the Ruby tried to put it out and the other two just watched.

"Get her." Whispered Firey. Leafy couldn't see him, but she could tell, from the lack of warm lighting, that Firey may have dimmed out a little. "She's so close. I know the rest will run, but they'll die one day too." Leafy gulped, keeping her gaze focused on Pencil.

*Step..*

*Step...*

*Steeppp....*

"Is that Leafy?"

Before anyone besides Flower could speak, Leafy pounced on Pencil, throwing her knife right in her forehead. Blood shot and gushed from the wound as the team leader made a screech of agony. Her hands went to her forehead, trying to take the knife out. Just like her pitiful girlfriend did.

"PENCIL!" Book shouted, trying to make a step foreword, however she was being held back by something. Not a person, but a feeling.

Relief.

Leafy tugged the knife out of her wooden surface and stomped on the wound, holding down the writing utensil. She held up her weapon in a menacing manner, pointing it towards the horrified faces of the others. "Get out of here and let me do my job it you know what's best for you." She said flatly, wincing at her hoarse voice.

Book was the first to run, almost immediately taking off into the trees, Ice cube following shortly after. Flower stood frozen, and the ruby in her arms kept reaching and screaming Pencils name as tears rolled down and wetted the plants arms. It took a moment, but the Flower eventually took a step back. No expression on her face besides *horror.*

The Ruby screamed at the movement, kicking and scratching while yelling protests. This seemed to convince the bloom, as she let out a cry and dropped the gem in her arms, before sprinting towards Leafy with no fear. Leafy widened her eyes in amusement and kicked Flower to the ground. She grunted, quickly getting up and throwing herself at the other plant.

Pain began to scorch through Leafys leg as Flower put her full weight on it.

"You think you can just terrorize us?! Kill us!? No! Once Golfball finds out about this it's *done* for you!" Flower yelled into Leafys face, spit flying out of her mouth with each word. Leafy responded with a yell, squirming and whimpering as the pain became more intense.

"Flower..?" The Ruby spoke from behind. Her voice wasn't broken or even a yell anymore.

It was quiet. Fearful, even.

Flower looked up, locking eyes with whatever Ruby was speaking towards. Her face dropped, and she immediately lifted all weight off of Leafy and stumbled up. Spinning on her heels, she grabbed Ruby and tumbled into the bushes, leaving Leafy groaning in pain on the grass.

"Up. You still have a job to do." Fireys (oddly unfamiliar) voice spoke into her ear. She nodded, rolling towards Pencils body, which was squirming and shaking. When Leafy approached her, she couldn't help but pity.

She didn't want to do this anymore.

But she had to proceed. For him.

She grabbed her knife and stuck in back into the wound, earning a sickening yell of pain from the utensil. She began to saw down, cutting her face in half and only getting more agonizing screams. Eventually, she had reached the end, and the yells had subsided into whimpering.

Leafy scratched through the body, pulling out a broken stick of led after digging for a minute. She wanted to puke, to never exist. She wanted to be Coiny. Dead.

She stood, looking down at the pathetic whimpering body below her. She felt guilt.

I mean, she always has, every person she had killed she felt bad about it. But now she just *couldn't do it anymore.* She turned, facing the burning flame that had made its approach. His green eye *still* glowed in a mesmerizing manner. She held the bloodied led in one

hand, and a knife in the other.

Lifting her arm, she threw the led at Firey, who grunted in annoyance as he looked at Leafy with a shocked frown. "I'm done. I'm not doing this anymore." She said flatly.

It was silent, the wind rustled the leaves and the body behind her whimpered quietly as it listened to the last thing she would ever hear. "What the hell do you mean." Firey spat, his eyebrows furrowing in increasing anger. "I mean I'm done. I'm not killing people for you anymore."

Firey stomped, clutching the led tightly before aggressively pushing it to the ground, stepping forward and jabbing a finger at Leafys chest. "Do you *hate* me!? Do you want to be my friend or not!?" He yelled, his flames burning uncomfortably brighter. Taking a step back, Leafy breathed. "I don't care." She spat back, her mind set on one thing. *Leaving.*

Firey looked around desperately. "You don't want me back!? We could rule Dream Island together!" He said sternly. She still held a look of uncertain dullness, closing her eyes and sighing. "No, Firey. I'm not bringing suffering to these people anymore. I don't care anymore." She had made up her mind. There was no changing it..

*Unless..*

Swiftly, Firey snatched the knife from Leafys hand and held it against his arm, shaking in fake fear. "I'm going to hurt myself. If you want to stop then I'm going to kill myself."

Leafy stumbled, her eyes widening in fear. "NO!" She screeched, taking steps back. He still held the knife, now pressing it against his wrist. "No! Stop! Firey no!" She sputtered, her hands in the air in defense.

"If you leave me, I'm going to kill myself." He said, brows furrowed. Leafy stared at the scene. She can't have Firey *dying* because of her! Is he really willing to go this far to keep her?! She must mean a lot to him..

"I..." she looked around. Her arms and the grass below her were bloodied, and Pencil was still breathing. "I...." Her voice became shaken, an overwhelming feeling of guilt washing over her. This is *her fault.* "I'm sorry..!" She broke down, falling to her knees and rubbing at her eyes. "I'm sorry I don't know what got into me.."

Firey dropped the knife in front of her, and kneeled to her level. He lifted her wet chin with his warm hands, smiling softly. "It's okay. You weren't in the right state of mind." She nodded, just agreeing to anything at this point. "But now you are." He added.

"Cmon.. let's get some rest."

He helped Leafy to her legs, and grabbed the led on the ground. Leafy gripped her knife (way more tightly this time) and made her way through the bushes, far enough to get some rest in an area where nobody could find her.

She needed to stay. For him.

—

**Longest chapter omlll**

**Sorry this chapter is heavy. And sorry it's late I have been working on other things**

**G'day**

# | Other Side |

**HEY YALL**
**uhhhh**
**Sorry for the slowest updates ever lmao**

**TW: none!**

---

Pins breaths became heavy and thick, each inhale only brought more burning to her lungs. The calluses on her feet only became thicker with every passing day. It was isolated and gloomy in this damn forest...

*Maybe this is how she felt.* Pin couldn't help but wonder. Is this how Leafy felt every day of her life for the past few years? She scolded herself mentally for even letting that happen. Some alliance member she was..

The birds and cicadas created a nostalgic melody that spread through the trees, the occasional mourning dove creating its owl-like noises for the morning. Pin reluctantly sat down, letting her sore feet take a break from the endless walking. What was she even doing. Where was she going. And why did she smell.. *wait.*

She glanced into the bright blue sky, the puffy white clouds and occasional bird that flies past created a pattern that the smoke running through the air broke. It created a thick beeline into the sky, where it separated into nothingness. *Smoke? Why is there smoke all the way out here?* Despite her aching nerves, she stood up once again, wincing slightly before making her way to the source.

The sound of rushing water became louder than ever as she approached, the same river where *it* happened coming into view beyond the bushes, along with a group of objects.

Freesmarters.

But not *really*.. the leader, Pencil, seemed to be gone, but everyone else was there. They all looked like they've been through *hell.* It was upsetting to look at.

Flower, who wasn't even part of the alliance, sat awkwardly in front of the fire, seemingly zoning out as she glared at the ever growing flames. Ruby seemed to be curled up on the rocky shore, completely asleep despite the sun high. Book sat criss-cross, her golden edged glasses reflecting the sunlight that dried her cover, she too, watched the fire. Icecube... oh.

Icecube sat right behind book, half of her face melted and smoothed. She stared directly at Pin, her face was an unreadable expression. She spun and whispered something to Book, who turned to Pin with a wide smile on her face. "Hey! It's Pin!!" She shouted tapping flower and pointing across the river. Flower turned to, here eyes widening. "Hey! You're alive!" She shouted, her scratchy voice seemed to wake the gem beside her, who churned in her sleep before rising. She mumbled something and turned Pins way.

Something Pin was happy to see was people. And they were happy to see her, too. "Hey! Pin! We need to cross the river!" Book shouted, her hands cupped around her mouth the increase volume. "Help us! Or I'll *crush you!!*" Flower added on, stomping her foot in her usual demeanor. Ruby seemed to look off to the side, doing her best to ignore her girlfriend.

Pin looked around, but she didn't know exactly how to fulfill their wishes. "How, exactly?" She squinted at her scratchy and cracked voice, a clear example that she hasn't used it in a while. Book took notice, but paid no mind. "I- I don't know! I can't get wet and- Icey will melt!" Book informed, as if Pin didn't know that.

"I'll- uh- find a way!" Pin responded, her voice was shaking a bit. They don't think it was her fault? *They were happy to see her.* Were they? Right?

She studied their faces as they chattered with each other. They seemed happy to see her. "Do you have any ideas?" Book shouted,

interrupting Pins thoughts. "Uh- yeah! Wait there!" She said, trotting off to the forest behind her. Would a raft work? She hoped so.

However, as she walked further into the forest the more uneasy she felt. She felt as if she was being watched. Every few seconds she looked around frantically in search for a pair of eyes, but none were found. Her breathing was heavy, and her legs wobbled. That presence. *That stare.* An old ally was here, she felt it. It must be her, *right?*

"Leafy?.." she said quietly, not expecting an answer.

But, alas, there was one. A laugh. "She's not here right now, Push-Pin." Said... a... voice? She has never heard this voice before. Out walked an unfamiliar flame. It looked and sounded like Firey.. but... wasn't. It's bright green eye that glowed even with the brightest source, its oddly inhumane limbs that seemed bent in the wrong direction, and it's off putting flame... this wasn't Firey.

"What are you." She spat. Her aggression was met with inhumane amusement. "It's me! Firey?" Pin glared daggers at the creature in her friend's skin. "No you're not." The fire clapped his hands, a wide and creepy smile reaching across its face. "You found it out *way* quicker than I thought! The other one hasn't even noticed!" Pin stood strong, holding fists to her sides. "I don't care, leave me be."

Pin turned and began walking away, before she heard *her.*

"Firey! There you are! You..-"

*Freeze.*

It's been no time at all, and for some reason, she was back. Pin was hoping she would be gone. But of course, what did she expect.

Leafy seemed to have frozen too, even her breathing has fallen silent.

Then, running. Leafy seemed to have taken off, running away into the layering forest, and away from Pin. Looking up, Pin took notice of the sudden lack of light around her.

She should head back.

---

**Hey guys! As you can tell, school has been kicking my ass.**

**However, I have been writing the ii au sooo that has some stuff done! I have been drawing an awful lot and I guess I just don't have motivation for this really, but trust me I've been trying to write more really. Anyways**

**Have a good night or day! Bye! Ps: sorry for short AND late chapter.**

# | Under The Thicket |

**TW: none!**

———————

Leafy hid underneath the bushes, biting at her nails with overpowering worry. She hadn't seen Pin since she.. you know.. Coiny.

But- *why* would it matter?! Leafy is *meant* to be killing people at the moment. What did the feelings of *one person* do to the whole operation!?

It could be the end of it, that's what.

Pin was a complicated person, and with her in the way there was an obstacle in Leafy's way. Pin could *kill* Leafy if she felt like it, or maybe not. The experience in Yoyleland said so.

One thing Pin isn't, however, is fast.

Leafys complex thinking was cut short by Firey, who gazed over her from above. His eyes seemed robotic and fake, but Leafy seemed to desperately seek out the fake empathy in his eyes in an attempt for comfort.

However, the only emotion was annoyance. The only thing she ever saw in him. "That was a big kill you just ran from there."

"I don't have to kill everyone I see, you know."

"But you do!" Firey yelled, forcing Leafy to flinch and focus. "Do you want to get killed?! You're not accepted here!" He gridded his teeth together. "You will never be anything more than an enemy to all of these people, and practically everybody now knows it is *you* who has been killing all of these people!"

Leafy picked her nails, not daring to open her mouth. She kept her eyes low and her feet stuck to the warm ground below. Firey was mad, and that was dangerous.

"Leafy, you don't understand do you?!" He stepped forwards and shoved his burning hands onto her cold shoulders, forcing her up and off of the dirt. "You *need* to do this. You *need* to get this done. This is *your* future at risk. Your actions will mold out everything that could happen from here." Leafy gulped in response. She still didn't quite understand, but she would believe anything Firey said at this point.

Firey seemed happy with the ashamed silence coming from the plant, as he backed away and gave a chuckle."Just don't let that happen again. He ordered roughly. Leafy only nodded, eyes locked with the waving blades of grass below her.

She stood still and listened as Firey backed up further and made his way away from his friend, his charring steps making its way deeper into the forest. She didn't follow. She kept her feet still. She did nothing, like always.

Like a worm, she dug her way underneath the thicket again, only after a few moments. Standing out in the open could be dangerous for her, especially with Pin nearby. The wind was blowing, and the sun was absent. Leafy finally allowed her eyes to close.

—

It's been a while, and they were all pretty sure that Pin wasn't coming back. They had gotten their hopes up, but they may not be getting out of this nightmare anytime soon.

Flower scoffed, crossing her arms in annoyance. "I told you it was useless, she isn't coming back." Ruby grabbed her arm, groaning in sadness. "But she said she would.." Her girlfriend raised a brow. "Did she though?.."

Book slid in next to the flora, scooting her knees in to her chest. she felt soggy and gross, after all of their attempts to cross the river, but they never made it that far. Surely they weren't this incompetent? Why didn't they make a boat of their own? he current isn't even that

bad..

She ran her fingers through her crinkled pages, the gross feeling of damp paper and leaking ink made her shiver. She could feel a fever growing up in her head. Flower nudged her gently, and Book looked up to surprisingly gentle eyes. "You alright?" She questioned.

Book shivered. "I think I may be molding... It doesn't happen often.." Flower tipped her head. "As in.. rot? You're rotting?" Book nodded, letting her hands travel back to her pages. "I'm gonna die.." She muttered, terror creeping up into her tone. Flower swallowed, not responding verbally in fear of making things worse. Usually this would just be a kill and then revive situation, but that's isn't very possible at the moment.

She hated to admit, but she kind of misses Pencil. The name alone echoed in her mind, the haunting scene of the still half-alive alliance leader that Ruby had told her so much about, laying cut open and mutilated, her own innards being pulled out in the bulk.. So much blood painted on the bright green grass, and a person with such a place of power losing their life in such a manner...

Flower mentally hit herself, forcing her mind to stop flashing these images in her eyes. She had to pay attention to everyone else now. She almost felt like the brand new leader. It was a far stretch, yes, but it seems like every Freesmarter was currently relying on her for assistance.

Ruby leaned in beside her, letting her eyes flutter closed, before she shot them back open. "We should find somewhere better to sleep that isn't.. on a beach." Flower mumbled, standing up weakly. Ruby followed like a mime, staying silent during her rise. Book stayed on the ground, her arms falling to her side. "I don't feel like getting up right now.." Ruby stared sympathetically at her friend. " I can carry you if you're not feeling well." Flower said, taking a step forward. Book glanced up, disbelief flashing in her eyes.

"You're nothing like what everyone said you were like.." Book said quietly, pinching her brows together in worry. "But yeah.. I'd love that.." Flower wrapped her arms underneath Books legs, lifting her bridal style off of the rocky floor. Desperate times call for desperate

measures, Flower would usually never do this.

Ice Cube was already sitting in the shaded area of the forest, her head was half melted and smooth. Nobody honestly knew how to save her.

The group walked further into the forest, and Book dangled sickly in Flowers arms. She could definitely feel the black mold creeping up on her. It wasn't a good feeling, and it never was.

—

Golfball kicked at the bottle on the ground, grumbling annoyingly as her eyes grew heavier. She's been up all night working her ass away trying to create a new recovery center.

She was never all the builder type, that was more of a Tennisball thing. She was more about chemistry. While sometimes she would build things here and there, it wasn't something she was exactly talented at. Her mind ran with calculations and ideas, overwhelming her senses that were already drawn down by the lack of sleep.

the display she was showing was already pitiful at best. But inside, her head was running. But suddenly, her eyes shot pen, along with the rest of her body. She shuffled off of the desk she'd been sitting on and running through her lab. She kept over bottles and several blueprints that became even more frequent as she came closer to her partners assigned room.

She watched his hunched form shoot up as she slammed the door against the wall. It was pretty clear he had been sleeping, as his glasses were laid crookedly against his cheek. "Tennisball! We must leave *immediately!!!"* She ordered, stomping her foot on the tiled floor. "Why? What happened?" He woke up quickly, standing on his feet firm and steady.

"I've found, through the calculation made up exclusively in my head, that Yoyleberries possess recoverable properties that *must be studied!!"* She shouted. Tennisball stared.

"And.. How do you know this?"

Golfball looked like she was fuming, but she was really just thinking.

"Yoyleberries have proven to be very powerful, such as preventing Leafy's death on multiple occasions, making the host immune to freeze juice, *and* is often used as a medicine for multiple sicknesses. If these are so powerful, studying them alone may help with creating a new recovery center." Tennisball nodded along.

"Well where do we get Yoyleberries?"

"Yoyleland of course!"

The other shifted uncomfortably. "Right..." Golfball backed out of the room. "We shouldn't be traveling long, let me go get Puffball, I'm sure she'll help." Tennisball smiled. "Don't you hate her?"

"I'll manage.." She grumbled back.

———————

**Hey yall, so sorry, blah blah you know the case. Haven't felt like writing recently. ANYWAYS!!**

**I've actually just been writing my other AU, and I've been a bit too busy for this one, please understand.**

**Happy (late) Holidays!!**

—